Thus much for the deſcription of my map. I am ſufficiently aware of the objections which a complete geographer will make to what I have here done, and that he will tell me, I have touched too lightly on this ſubject. I own it. It was impoſſible to ſay more within the narrow boundaries of my preſent undertaking; and, if the little I have here given ſhall prove an inducement to any of my little readers to purſue the ſubject ſtill further, I ſhall think I have done as much as could be reaſonably expected from me at this time. I will only add, that they cannot read hiſtory, not even a common news-paper, with any pleaſure or advantage, without being in ſome meaſure converſant in the eſſential points of geography.

I was now drawing to the cloſe of my ſixth year, when my father thought it expedient to add hiſtory to geography. It was his method of treating me, to proceed in ſuch a manner, that every new ſtep I took ſhould tend to open and extend the paths I had juſt trodden, and that every new branch of literature I entered into, ſhould furniſh inexhauſtible occaſions of making

making me reflect nicely on what I had learned before but in part; for it is impoſſible to learn any one ſcience complete till we become perfectly acquainted with the various branches with which it is connected. I may perhaps be here ſuppoſed to attempt to reaſon in a manner above the capacity of a youth of my years; but I will be free enough to tell thoſe who think ſo, that they have not, like me, minded what they have read, or what they have heard flow from the wiſe lips of others.

CHAP. III.

The author is ſent to a boarding-ſchool. — Account of an accident previous thereto.

I Had now entered the ſeventh year of my age, when my father began to entertain thoughts of ſending me to ſome good ſchool. He had hitherto attended me very cloſely in my literary purſuits; but to accompany me through the craggy paths of the Latin, Greek, and French Grammars, he found would engroſs too much of his

time,